

# The Watchman and Southron.

THE TRUE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1860.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims' at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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## The Watchman and Southron.

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N. G. OSTEN,  
Business Manager.

### WHAT IS LOVE.

What is Love?—a rainbow glory,  
Cradled in a stormy cloud;  
Glow-worm of a fairy story,  
Spangled beauty's winding shroud.  
Born in smiles, but nursed in sorrow,  
Love is the child of weeping skies,  
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,  
Soon the fleeting splendor dies.  
Yet with all of evil round it,  
Like a jewel darkly set,  
Dear as loving hearts have found it,  
How can they its light forget?  
There's a sweetness in its anguish,  
There's a music in its sigh;  
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,  
Still it lives—it cannot die.  
Though relentless fate may sever  
Hearts that Love would fain unite,  
Memory's star shall linger ever  
O'er the founts of young delight.  
All things fade away, and leave us;  
Youth and health, and fortune wane.  
Hope's dream, and friends deceive us,  
Still we beg love's rays to shine.  
Like the cloistered vestal, telling  
Every holy tale with tears,  
Love, in gentle bosom dwelling,  
Counts the joys of vanished years.

### DE YALLER CHINEE.

AS DISCUSSED IN THE CANN.

He kin pick up a libbin' wharver he goes  
By wakin' de railroad an' washin' ole  
clothes;  
He kin lib 'bout as cheap as a leather-wing-  
ed bat,  
He watches de rat market keen as a  
cat;  
His boss an' his rations are pretty nigh  
free,  
A mighty smart cuss is de yaller Chinee.  
He kin be a gwine to kee whar you put him  
to stay,  
An' his canteen don't cost but a nickel a day;  
He kin be a gwine to kee a straw for de fives'  
hotel,  
An' a slab-dish shanty will suit him as  
well;  
An' a empty old box or a hollow gum tree,  
A big box din' house for de yaller Chinee.  
He kin be a gwine to kee when de blackberries  
fall,  
An' de fall on his head gets de shape of a  
tail,  
I know by his clo'es an' his snuff-culled  
face  
He comes from a scrubby an' one galleons  
nigger.  
An' I've trampled a heap, but I neebor did see  
Such a cunning chap as de yaller Chinee.  
Dis country was made for de whites an' de  
blacks,  
For dey ho'es all de corn an' pays all de  
tax;  
You may think what you choose, but de 'ser-  
tion  
is true,  
Dat de arful cruller neebor will do;  
For dar's beaps o' tough people from ober de  
sea,  
But de cussedest sort is de yaller Chinee!  
When de bambie-see crawls in de dirt-dob-  
ber's hole,  
To warm up his fingers and git out de cole,  
Dar's gwine to be trouble in de family,  
sho!  
An' one de critters mus' pack up and go;  
An' de Chinnerman's gwine to diskliver right  
soon  
Dat de rabbit can't lib in de stamp wid a  
coon!  
When de woodpecker camps on de mockin'  
bird's nest,  
You kin tell pretty quick which kin tussle de  
best.  
Dar's a mighty good chance of a skirmish  
ahead  
When de speckled dog loafs round de tommy-  
cat's bed;  
An' dar's gwine to be a racket wuf waitin' to  
see,  
When de wurkin' man butts gin de yaller  
Chinee.

### An Experiment on a Jackass.

McDuffie (Ga.) Journal: Mr. Paul, a  
few days ago, read in some sinful news-  
paper that a donkey could not bray  
without raising his tail, and accordingly  
a bright idea struck him: He cornered  
his famous jackass up in the pen of the  
stable, and climbing up in the  
trough, above the dead line of the animal's  
back, he attached a brick with  
three feet of clothes line to his (the  
jack's) tail. Then he opened the door,  
smiled slyly, and waited develop-  
ments. The animal walked into the  
lot, and backed his ears for a yell, but  
it was no go. His tail only raised the  
brick high enough to hit him on the  
shanks. Then he whirled around and  
the donkey struck him in the side.  
Then he flung up his heels and tried to  
stand on his head, but the fragment of  
a country chimney lit on the small of  
his back and drove him to frenzy. He  
climbed over the gate and dashed  
through the field in the direction of  
Augusta, closely followed by Mr. Paul's  
experiment. When found he was  
inside of Joel Neal's lot, with a brick  
lodged in a crack of the fence, and his  
backbone pulled out till his ears had  
disappeared under his skin. Mr. Paul  
says that that kind of treatment may  
prevent the coarsest of the noise from  
escaping, but it will demoralize the  
best jackass on earth.

Over 12,000 bushels of tobacco,  
valued at nearly \$2,000,000, have been  
sold in New York to a representative of  
the Italian Government.

### BILL ARP.

That Boy. Nominating Governors, etc.

Sometimes every thing works along  
smoothly and nice for several days, and  
there is no mishap or misfortune, and  
then again it looks like the old boy had  
broke loose and everything goes wrong.  
There is nothing settled in this sub-  
lunary life, and a man will never be  
happy until he can take everything easy  
and patient and at all times be prepared  
for the worst, and about the time he  
gets so he can do that he is about old  
enough to die and generally does it.  
A long time ago I heard an old man  
make a little talk in Sunday school and  
he had on a great big long tailed coat  
that he used to wear when he was fat  
and now he was all dried up and says he  
'my children there is nothing in this  
world I care for now and I can shake it  
off and leave it as easy as I can put off  
this old coat,' and he sorter straightened  
up his shoulders and it dropped off and  
he was on the floor. Mine is not ready to drop  
yet, and so I must wait and take it,  
come weal, come woe, and make the  
best of it. I thought a power of my  
suppendine vine, as Cobe calls it, and  
I had put posts in the ground and planked  
it around to protect it, and it was  
growing so beautifully and spreading  
out over the top and the old cow had  
been grazing around it most every day  
for a month, and sure enough yesterday  
she sorter climbed up on the planks and  
reached her tongue out and nabbed it,  
and got it all down and used it up bod-  
aciously before we could get to her, and  
its no use to try to express my feelings,  
for I am no saint, but I am a sinner, and  
last night somebody left the gate open,  
and when I got up and looked out of  
the window this morning to see if there  
was any frost on the ground, the sheep  
were in the front yard, and I didn't  
wait to take off my ascension garment  
or put on my shoes, and stood out in  
the order of my going, but went for  
them at once before they had eat up the  
rose bushes and the unanimous hedge  
and other ornaments, all of which had  
been mentioned to me from time to  
time by Mrs. Arp for fear I would for-  
get it, and so I flew around amazin and  
got the rheumatism again, and have  
been grunting and takin' on ever since  
as a counter irritant, and I am getting  
along pretty well considerin, and the  
same day I turned the colts in the ry-  
le to graze and set the little children to  
watch 'em and keep 'em from fudgin  
over into the orchard, and sure enough  
the children got to playing mumble  
peg in the sand and forgot the colts,  
and they stepped around to the orchard,  
and when I went to run 'em out they  
kicked up and galloped off and straddled  
my young June apple trees just to  
scratch themselves and broke two of 'em  
down, and when I got to the house and  
set down in the front piazza to rumi-  
nate and get calm and serene, I heard a  
scream of fire in the back yard, and  
sure enough the black smoke was a  
pouring out of the kitchen which is in  
the basement, and the flames were all  
over the cook stove, and licking the  
ceiling and we smelt tar, and shore  
enough Ralph, the boy that is everlast-  
ingly a doing something, was boiling a  
two gallon bucket of tar to pitch his  
new boat, and it had boiled over and  
taken fire, and it was an awful sight  
to behold, and the boy had run, but one  
of the girls rushed in and gathered the  
bucket with her apron and slung it a  
rod out of the door, and by that time  
we all had water, and squelched the  
conflagration, for which I shall always  
thank the Southern Mutual ought to be  
thankful, for I've been insuring in that  
company for twenty years and the  
chances are against them now and get-  
ting worse so every day. As it turned out  
we only lost a coffee pot and a tin pan  
and the tar bucket—and the boy lost  
his hair, and in a short time the family  
got done talking about it and become  
all calm and serene. A boy is a great  
invention. He is so useful and keeps  
things moving around so lively. He  
shot a wink this morning and has pret-  
ty well exterminated the snakes. He  
builds fires and brings water and milks  
the cows and goes to mill and puts up  
marmalades and loses his knife and  
borrows mine and loses that and digs  
the potatoes for dinner and carries them  
in his hat and hunts eggs and pigeon  
squabs and gets more scolding and less  
whipping than anybody and don't care  
a cent what a pound of sugar cost, so he  
gets three teaspoonfuls in his coffee.  
Then again he is so convenient to lay  
things on and can bear so much and  
keep fat, and learn so much naborhood  
ness. Where in the world he got that  
tar I have no idea, but my opinion is  
that he and his mother are in partner-  
ship about that for she never scolded  
him nary time about the fire.

### A Strange Story.

For some time past rumor has had it  
that two well known LaFayette sisters  
were about to be married to two young  
gentlemen, one of this city and the other  
a prominent business man of Chicago.  
At the earnest solicitation of the young  
ladies the engagement and proposed  
double wedding was kept a profound  
secret, or as much so as was possible.  
Two weeks ago yesterday was set for  
the wedding, and although it was  
thought to be a strange whim, the im-  
portunate demand of the ladies most  
concerned that none but their immediate  
family and the gentlemen themselves  
should know anything about it was re-  
spected. At daybreak on the eventful  
day the family were up and about, but  
it was thought best not to disturb the  
young ladies until later, although the  
wedding hour was set at 8 o'clock. At  
7 o'clock the expectant groom made  
their appearance, and it was then de-  
cided best to awake the girls. A younger  
sister was sent to their room to call  
them. Presently she returned with the  
information that they were not there.  
A look of inquiry and dread amazement  
went from face to face, and then all hur-  
ried to the room. Sure enough the girls  
had fled, and the undisturbed bed re-  
vealed that they had not even retired.

One moment's brief and appalling  
silence, in which the heart-throbs could  
almost be heard, and then a hurried  
search took place that revealed the  
worst—the trunks containing all their  
wearing apparel and jewelry were miss-  
ing, and on the dressing case, under a  
little iron photograph holder, was a  
brief note merely stating that they had  
fled, they did not want to marry, and  
never would come back. Diligent  
search and inquiry revealed nothing  
and it was only by accident their where-  
abouts, in a fashionable sporting house  
at St. Louis, was discovered. A  
LaFayette man who was over there this  
week stumbled upon them in this place.  
He describes one of the girls as being in a  
pitiable condition, having been badly  
beaten and kicked down stairs by a  
drunken bully, whom she had importuned  
for the money due her. The other  
seemed much depressed, and both were  
seemed to bitterly resent what they  
had done. The heart-broken father  
and mother left for St. Louis immedi-  
ately, and for the time being at least,  
the *Courier* is pledged to secrecy. No  
cause for their rash step is given—none  
can be until they themselves make the  
revelation. They were the loved and  
petted daughters of poor parents—the  
afflicted brides of honorable and in-  
dustrious men, who are no less grief-  
stricken than the poor parents—*LaFay-  
ette (Ind) Courier*.

### When They Died.

A fraction more than one-third of all  
the Presidents of the United States  
(not counting the two ex-Presidents  
who lived the month of July. Those  
who met their fate in this month were  
Jefferson and Adams (July 4, 1826),  
Monroe (July 4, 1831), Van Buren  
(July 24, 1862), Taylor (July 9,  
1850), Johnson (July 31, 1875),  
Four others—Madison, Jackson, Polk  
and Buchanan—died in June. In those  
two months, therefore, exactly half of  
all the Presidents the republic has had  
departed this life. The following list  
may be of interest in this connection:

President.	Died.	Age.
1 Washington	- Dec. 14, 1797	67
2 Adams	- July 4, 1826	81
3 Jefferson	- July 4, 1826	83
4 Madison	- June 28, 1836	85
5 Monroe	- July 4, 1831	72
6 Adams	- Feb. 23, 1848	81
7 Jackson	- June 8, 1845	78
8 Van Buren	- June 24, 1862	80
9 Harrison	- April 4, 1841	68
10 Taylor	- Jan. 17, 1850	72
11 Polk	- June 15, 1849	54
12 Taylor	- July 6, 1850	66
13 Fillmore	- March 8, 1874	74
14 Pierce	- Oct. 8, 1869	66
15 Buchanan	- June 1, 1868	77
16 Lincoln	- April 14, 1865	56
17 Johnson	- July 31, 1875	67

The oldest President at the time of  
his death was John Adams, and the  
youngest James K. Polk. Next to  
him was Abraham Lincoln, who was  
assassinated. The average age of the  
seventeen Presidents on their death was  
72 years, and of the sixteen who died  
from natural causes 73 years.

### Planting Corn.

The following is the result of an ex-  
periment with corn: That which was  
planted at the depth of 1 inch, came up  
in 8 days; 1 1/2 inches, in 9 1/2 days;  
2 inches, in 10 days; 2 1/2 inches, in 11 1/2  
days; 3 inches, in 12 days; 3 1/2 inches,  
in 13 days; 4 inches, in 13 1/2 days.  
The more shallow the seed was covered  
with earth, the more rapidly the sprout  
made its appearance, and the stronger  
afterwards was the stalk.—*Galloway  
(Ky.) News*.

The man who goes into business  
with the devil soon finds that his part-  
ner is a soul proprietor.

### Spoopendyke's Hen Coop.

'My dear,' said Mr. Snoopendyke, as  
he appeared before his wife with a broad  
grin on his face, 'say, my dear, I've  
bought some chickens so we can have  
fresh laid eggs. Look!' and he held  
out a couple of pair of fowls tied by the  
legs, for Mrs. Snoopendyke's contem-  
plation.

'Well, upon my word!' exclaimed  
Mrs. Snoopendyke. 'Of all things!  
chickens! Ever since we've been mar-  
ried I've wanted chickens!' and she ap-  
proached the birds cautiously and with  
a look of misgiving that belied her  
words, 'Where can we keep them?'

'In a coop,' Mrs. Snoopendyke, in a  
coop! retorted her husband, laying the  
chickens on the bed while he divested  
himself of his coat and vest. 'We might  
keep 'em up in the chimney or in the  
closet, but we probably won't. We'll  
just keep 'em in a hen-coop, and I've  
got the laths and nails down stairs to  
build it with. Come down in the yard,'  
and Mr. Snoopendyke grabbed his new  
acquisition by the legs and started off,  
followed by his wife.

'Do you know how to build a coop?'  
asked Mrs. Snoopendyke, as she watch-  
ed her husband dig a post hole in the  
corner she had reserved for a geranium  
bed.

'If I don't you probably do,' snorted  
Mr. Snoopendyke, kicking away at the  
spade until he loosened his leg. 'Now  
I put this post here and that one there.  
Then the two fences make the rest, and  
I only lay up these two—don't gash the  
post!' he concluded, as it toppled over  
on his ear. 'Can't you hold it up?'  
What're you sitting around there like a  
cock in a jug for? Hold it up, will  
you?

Mrs. Snoopendyke grasped the post  
firmly with both hands and held it at  
an angle of thirty degrees.

'Now hold it perfectly still while I  
dig the other hole,' and Mr. Snoopen-  
dyke backed away at the ground again  
and set his second post.

'I see what you mean,' giggled Mrs.  
Snoopendyke. 'You slat it up from  
one post to the other and then put the  
chickens in. My! how nice that'll  
be!'

Mr. Snoopendyke glared at her a  
moment and then began patting up his  
laths, standing between the posts and  
the fence corner and whistling as he  
worked.

'Now,' said he, as he finished, 'what  
do you think of that?'

Mrs. Snoopendyke examined the job  
critically.

'It's a perfect palace!' she exclaimed.  
'But say, dear, how are you going to  
get out?'

'Yah-h-h!' roared Mr. Snoopendyke,  
bounding into the air. 'Why didn't ye  
tell me? What'd ye want to let me  
build myself in like a mummy for?  
ain't ye got any sense at all any more?  
Why didn't ye watch what I was do-  
ing?' and Mr. Snoopendyke grinned  
horribly through the slats.

'I supposed you were going to build  
a hole in it,' faltered Mrs. Snoopen-  
dyke.

'So I am!' yelled Mr. Snoopendyke,  
jamming his leg through the structure.  
'Want any more holes?' and he kicked  
the side half way across the yard.  
'Four chickens, four holes!' he roared  
and the laths flew in all directions.  
'Want any more holes?' and he smash-  
ed the roof out with the spade. 'Holes  
constantly on hand! If you don't see  
the hole you want, ask for it!' and he  
blew out the end with terrific energy.

'New goods coming in at all times!  
Second-hand holes a specialty!' and he  
banged out the other end of the coop  
wanting holes to send in the country  
will consult their interests by applying  
here before going elsewhere!' and he  
ripped down the rest of the coop with  
prodigious clatter.

'Want any more holes in this particular coop?' he roared,  
wrenching out the posts and slam-  
ming them across the yard. 'Does this  
hen coop begin to come in it?' he de-  
manded, stalking up to his wife.

'Yes, dear,' replied Mrs. Snoopen-  
dyke, soothingly. 'I'm so glad you  
got out, but where can we keep the  
chickens now?'

'Keep 'em!' ripped Mr. Snoopendyke,  
with a horrible grimace, and grasping  
the wretched fowls by the legs, 'who's  
going to keep 'em?' and he cut the  
lashings. 'Spos I'm going to run my  
business just to gratify every whim of a  
woman?' and he jerked the chickens  
into the air.

'Never mind,' cooed Mrs. Snoopen-  
dyke, as the last bird slid over the fence  
and disappeared. 'Chickens are a nuisance,  
anyway. We really didn't need  
any.'

'Why didn't you say so before I  
bought 'em?' blurted Mr. Snoopen-  
dyke, as he dashed into the house.

'I didn't know it,' sighed Mrs.  
Snoopendyke, looking around on the  
wreck, and, besides, I don't believe we  
would have had many eggs, because  
those chickens were all roosters.'

And Mrs. Snoopendyke followed her  
husband, who stormed around the rest  
of the evening because she couldn't find  
the paper of January 12, 1879, which  
he had cautioned her to save because  
there was something in it he wanted to  
read, and which he had used the next  
day, in conjunction with the back  
breadth of her new fannel petticoat, to  
clean his shot-gun with.

### Just a Common Liar.

'Old B.' says that some years ago in  
a Carolina town a crazy man was  
brought before an examining board to  
settle the question as to whether or  
not he should be sent to the asylum in  
Columbia. After the doctor got  
through with his examination one of  
the committee, an old farmer, said:

'My friend did you ever borrow any  
bags or jugs?'

'Yes, lots of them.'

'Did you ever borrow your neighbor's  
newspaper?'

'Yes, many a time.'

'Well, now, what became of the jugs,  
bags and newspapers?'

'Why, I carried them all back.'

The old farmer gave a blow almost  
as loud as 'Nancy Hart's' whistle and  
said:

'Gentlemen, he's no lunatic! Just  
simply a common liar, and all the  
asylums in the world won't cure a man  
of lying.'

### The Modern Printer.

The Man at the Desk. He is an  
Editor. What is that in his hand? It  
is a Microscope. What does the Editor  
want of a Microscope? He is looking  
for his salary.

See the Elevator. It is not running.  
How the Man swears. He is an Editor.  
Do Elevators ever run? Oh, yes, when  
they are first put in a Building, and be-  
fore they are Paid for.

This is the Man who has had a No-  
tice in the Paper. How Proud he is.  
He is Stepping Higher than a Blind  
Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly.  
Next week the Paper will say the Man  
is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man  
will not Step so High.

Here is a Valise. It does not Weigh  
Four Hundred Pounds. It is the Val-  
ise of an Editor. In the Valise are  
Three Socks and a Bottle and a Book.  
There is Something in the Bottle. May-  
be it is Arnie for the Editor's Sore  
Finger. The Book is Baxter's Saints'  
Rest. The Socks got into the Valise  
by Mistake. Perhaps the Bottle will  
get into the Editor by Mistake.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting  
for a Pickup of half a Lioe. He has  
Been Hunting for Two Hours. He  
could have Set the half Lioe in Twenty  
Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle  
with Him never to Set what he Can  
pick up. The Printer has a Hard time.  
He has to Set type all night and Play  
Pedro for the Beer all Day. We would  
like to Be a Printer. Were it not for  
the Night Work.

Is this a Corner Lot? No, it is a  
Towel. It has Been serving an Appren-  
ticeship in a Printing Office for the  
Past Four Years. The horses are Drag-  
ging it away. A man will Take an Ax  
and Break the Towel into Pieces and  
Boil it for Soap Grease. Then he will  
sell the Towel for Tripe. If you Find a  
Piece of Tripe with a Monogram in one  
Corner, you may Know it is the Towel.

Here is a Man who has Just Stopped  
His Paper. What a Miserable Looking  
Creature He is. He Looks as if he had  
Been stealing a Sheep. How will he  
Know what is going on, now that he has  
stopped his paper? He will Borrow his  
Neighbor's Paper. One of these days  
he will break his leg, or be a candidate  
for office, and then the paper will say  
Nothing about it. That will be Treat-  
ing him Just Right, will it not, Little  
Children?

Has the Printer Tobacco? He has,  
but he will not Tell you So. He car-  
ries it in the Leg of his Boot, and when  
he wants a Chew he Sneaks down in  
the Back Alley where Nobody can See  
him. When he Spits tobacco it sounds  
like a Duck diving in the Water. The  
printer is a Queer man. He is a Fickle  
Person. Sometimes he Has ten thou-  
sand Ems on the String, but they are  
Always his Dupes. If you are a Print-  
er do not be a Blacksmith, or you will  
get Fired.

Here we have a Knife. It looks like  
a Saw, but it is a Knife. It belongs to  
an Editor, and is used for Sharpening  
pencils, killing Roaches, opening Char-  
bag Bottles, and cutting the Hearts  
out of Bad men who Come into the of-  
fice to Whistle the Reports. There is  
Blood on the Blade of the Knife, but  
the Editor will Calmly Lick it off, and  
then the Blade will be as Clean and  
Bright as Ever. The Knife cost 70  
Cents, and was imported from London,  
Connecticut. If you are Good, perhaps  
the Editor will give it to you to Cut off  
the Cat's Tail.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of  
an Editor. It has Stained Glass win-  
dows and Mahogany stairways. In  
front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not  
sweet? The lady in the Park is the  
Editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe  
of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace,  
and there are Pearls and Rubies in  
her Hair. The editor sits on the front  
stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His  
little Children are Playing with Di-  
amond Marbles on the Tessellated Floor.  
The editor can afford to Live in Style.  
He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month  
Wages.

### A Sad Case.

Illinois has a sensation. Mrs. Lay  
of Sandwich is dead from starvation,  
a victim of deception and fanaticism.  
Her husband set himself up as a religious  
prophet, and he published a magazine  
called the *Prophet's Warning*. He  
claimed to be a modern Elijah, and he  
succeeded in bamboozing some fools in  
the North, his poor wife among them.  
He made his wife believe she would  
give birth to a holy child if she fasted  
a certain number of weeks. She had a  
son who was a prophet also. Between  
father and son the woman died. The  
*Chicago Inter-Ocean* of the 22d says:

'This son looked forward to his mother's  
death as one of the possibilities  
of the scheme, and the world is treated  
to the astonishing spectacle of a de-  
mented woman starving herself at the  
instigation of and under the encourage-  
ment of her son, and with the connivance  
of her husband. The woman died.  
The question of what shall be done with  
such men now demands an answer.'  
The North looks down with painful  
commiseration upon 'the poor South,'  
and yet that self-same complacent North  
seems to be the chosen home of hum-  
buggery, knavery, delusion, supersti-  
tion, fanaticism and general badness.—  
*Wilmington Star*.

### Housekeeping Horrors.

A merchant's wife recently gave her  
husband the following letter with in-  
structions that it should not be opened  
until he got to his place of business:  
I am forced to tell you something  
that I know will trouble you, but it is  
my duty to do so. I am determined you  
shall know it, let the result be what it  
may. I have known for a week that  
this trial was coming, but kept it to  
myself until today, when it has reach-  
ed a crisis and I cannot keep it any  
longer. You must not curse me too  
harshly, for you must reap the benefits  
as well as myself. I do hope it won't  
crush you. The flour is all out.  
Please send me some this afternoon. I  
thought by this method you would not  
forget it.

Darkness may as well put on the  
name of light, as a wicked man the  
name of a Christian.

### An Important Act.

Heretofore parties selling or dispos-  
ing of personal property on which a  
mortgage or lien existed were subject to  
be indicted only by the person to whom  
sold.

It will be seen that the party who  
purchases property on which a mortgage  
or lien exists is rarely ever the party  
who is injured, but the mortgagee or  
lien holder is generally the one injured,  
but who has heretofore had no redress on  
the criminal side of the Court.

To remedy this defect, the Legisla-  
ture, at its last session, passed the fol-  
lowing act, which we think will be  
worth thousands of dollars to our citi-  
zens.

Be it enacted, etc.:

That from and after the passage of  
this Act, any person or persons who  
shall sell or dispose of any personal  
property on which any mortgage or  
other lien exists, without the written  
consent of the mortgagee or lien holder,  
or the owner or holder of such mortgage  
or lien, and shall fail to pay the debt  
secured by the same within ten days  
after such sale or disposal, or shall fail in  
such debt with the Clerk of the Court of  
Common Pleas for the county in which  
the mortgage or lien debtor resides,  
shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,  
and on conviction thereof shall be  
imprisoned for a term not more than  
two years, or be fined not more than  
\$500—or both, in the discretion of the  
Court.

Provided, That the provisions of this  
Act shall not apply in cases of sales  
made without knowledge or notice of  
such mortgage or lien by the person so  
selling such property.

Recording is constructive notice, and  
any person selling personal property on  
which a lien exists, with such notice or  
actual notice, lays himself liable under  
this Act.

### Chicken Cholera.

In *The Breeder's Gazette* Dr. Salmon  
gives the following in relation to the  
prevention and arrest of the progress of  
this disease:

The practical points in suppressing  
such outbreaks are briefly as follows:  
1. Recognize the disease on its first ap-  
pearance. 2. Remove sick and dead fowls  
beyond the reach of healthy ones. 3.  
Disinfect the droppings of sick ones. If  
cholera is a local, every farmer  
should be on his guard; and if he loses  
a bird, or has one sick, he should sus-  
pect this disease. After a little expe-  
rience, the droppings may be relied  
upon to determine if the affection is  
really cholera. The droppings of fowls  
consist of the kidney and bowel excre-  
ments, mixed; the former, in health, are  
white, and are easily recognized. In  
cholera, the droppings are almost en-  
tirely the excretion of the kidneys;  
they are semi-liquid, and have a yellow-  
ish or greenish color. This is charac-  
teristic of the disease.

Many people, I find, are very care-  
less in regard to their fowls, and if one  
of their flock, by some chance, happens  
to take a particle of contagion into its  
stomach and contracts the disease, this  
first bird, who it follows, is allowed to  
remain where its fellows can feed upon  
its flesh. There is no more certain  
method of communicating the disease  
than this, and it is not surprising that,  
within the next week or two, three-  
fourths of the flock are either sick or  
dead.

When taken at the beginning of an  
outbreak, the